

46 FABLES in VERSE.

He left th' untasted brook behind,  
And swiftly flew before the wind,  
But, pressing through a brake of thorns,  
The boughs fast held him by the horns,  
Where, till the hounds came up, he hung,  
And like a dying swan thus sung:  
Unhappy me! how great the blunder  
Not to know friend and foe asunder!  
I trusted to my head, but oh!  
My horns have prov'd my overthrow,  
And at my legs was wont to scoff,  
Which but for them had brought me off.

M O R A L.

Well taught the good *Athenian* sage,  
To fly the paths of woe,  
Who said in his instructive page,  
"Take care thyself to know."

R E F L E C T I O N.

Fools in their own opinion wise  
Some things o'er-rate, and some despise;  
And judging with a partial eye,  
Invite the snare from which they fly.

D E A T H

FABLES in



D E A T H and the

AS Time to me the sto  
Death kindly call'  
And bid him come with  
To see his grave that ve  
To whom Sir *John*—not  
To be (and thus abrupt